

PS
3525
A269L4
1908

LEISURE MOMENTS



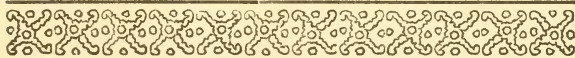
SALMON MACLEAN

LEISURE MOMENTS



...By...

SALMON = MACLEAN



BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.
835 Broadway, New York

PS3525
A269L. 4
1908

Copyright, 1908,

BY

SALMON - MACLEAN

All rights reserved.

248664

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Risen City.....	I
A Stricken City (Postscript Verses)....	II
A Translation from Horace (Odes I, 5)	13
The Bachelor's Button.....	14
To the Dewdrop.....	15
To Maidie	16
Maid of the Indies (an Acrostic).....	17
With My Yellow Rose.....	19
My Daughter, Oh, My Daughter.....	20
To Baby C.....	23
Music's Part	24
A Phantom Storm.....	26
To Birdie	28
Ethlyn Ker	31
Not There Was Solitude.....	37
To Kitty	39
In Memoriam	41
The Siege of Quebec.....	43
Gettysburg	49
Insecurity	52
Sonnets:—	
If	53
Never	54

	PAGE
A-Mating.	55
To Conscience	57
Patience.	59
At Eastertide	61
Christmas Chimes	62
Odes to the Seasons.	65
Evening Hymn	69
Anthem: "God Bless Our Island Home".	70

Lovingly dedicated to my friends.

“The poet’s age is sad : for why?
In youth, the natural world could show
No common object but his eye
At once involved with alien glow—
His own soul’s iris-bow.”

—ROBERT BROWNING.

PREFATORY NOTES.

"A Risen City," which appears between these covers, is, properly speaking, only a sequel to that poem, "A Stricken City," published in the Autumn of 1907, in a little volume entitled *A Stricken City*.

At first I thought it well to lend the title, *A Risen City*, to this selection; but seeing that the writing of these poems had been the occupation of my spare moments, and hoping that they may be found fit for the filling up of many a leisure hour, I have decided to use *Leisure Moments* as the title of this book.

Since each of the two poems, mentioned above, may be regarded as two separate cantos of one poem, I may safely include here the verses, which I composed after the manuscripts of *A Stricken City* had left my hands, and which would be duly inserted in some future printing of that poem.

Of the remaining pieces, there are only a few, which lend themselves to the building up of what may be suggestive of a story: with that end in view, therefore, I have chosen the translation from Horace as the introductory

piece and "To Birdie" as that, with which the tale should end. In grouping the rest, I have paid respect to the relationship of their subject-matter.

I remember, quite well, that there are the standard authors and other authors of illustrious note to select from, so that in presenting this collection to the public, I do not wish it to be thought that I am claiming the attention better paid to them. I owe an apology, however, to those whom I may weary with these lines; but I shall take this opportunity to thank those, who, finding within these pages some entertainment for a leisure hour, will deign to listen to me.

For the sake of those who would sing the anthem, "God Bless Our Island Home," suffices it to say that the tune I had in mind, when I was composing it, was that sung to "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

January, 1909.

J. A. S.-M.

Leisure Moments

A RISEN CITY.

*"Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum
tabernas
Regnumque tures."*

—HORACE.

*"Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting
brow
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which Heaven will to the death of Time
allow."*

*"More great than human now, and more au-
gust,
Now deified she from her fires does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies."*
—DRYDEN.

The gloom, which hid thee, city, once bereft
Of life and fertile hours, has wholly left,
In this dim twilight, lines of Beauty's form—

A rescue from the billows, after storm;
For, 'midst the shadows, some did toil and
toil,
By Hope's bright rays, and leave, above the
soil,
The monument to Faith and Duty, join'd,
Which sable-shielded Night has left behind.

There, in yon glade high guarded by those
hills,
The Rio Cobre gurgling drowns his rills;
And innocent, yet with a murd'rous hand,
He waters free broad fields at man's command,
As through paths drill'd and dredged he constant pours
The wealth unbounded of his num'rous stores.
Whilst still the shades of those, who breathed
their last
Within his iron throat, would stand aghast
As unavenged, his honour doth remain
A star to light each shade that would maintain
Within thy streets for Darkness his glad reign,
Should local voltage die with redd'ning wane.
His romp and laughter gladden visits paid
To where Jove placed his forges in that glade;
(Jove, conscious of his power to move thy
wains,
With blue eyes often peeps to view thy lanes).
Proud escort of two dames he struts along;
For, 'tween thee and Saint Jago, slow among

Thick giant grasses, shrubs, 'neath many a
tree,
He plods his silent way towards the sea;
And there in quick'ning form his waters rise,
And ebb, advance, retreat, with melodies.

Now, through the twilight, there invite my
gaze
The shades of those you nursed in long past
days—
Days that to them were hours, in which they
dreamt
A life, from whose toils they are now exempt.
See good Yule crowded 'round by these glad
throngs
In thy great mart, to greet him with their
songs;
There, strings and brass still sweeten mingling
strains
Of happy children, mirth of older swains:
Some, wont to worship on old Christmas
morn,
Keep conscious night's drear hours still to
adorn
Themselves with robes peculiar to the hour
That breathes to mark Yule's advent; then
adore
Him, in their haunts renew'd, for gifts and
pleasures,
Which o'er earth he has strewn in varying
measures.

But from across the vale they envy those,
Whose day still flows towards time's dark-
some close;

And, as afore, they crowd each cool resort,
Up on the hills, and at thine eastern fort.

There on the hills, where every tropic tree
And bud and flower seek immortality,
Whither the crystal waters haste their steep
Descent to meet in cisterns wide and deep,
Whence slow they wend their hidden path to
thee

Where once again they chatter when set free,
E'en now I wander by each dewy lawn
In fancy's dream (for here now breathes a
Dawn).

See that young palm: she stands alone; around
Her lies a carpet green, and gravel-bound.
Look at yon grove, whose walls of trees pre-
vent

The distant eye from seeing what is pent
Within: there're rock'ries there 'neath wood-
built cots,

Where ferns of every tribe do own their lots;
Rose, jessamine, the tropic floral world
In artful ways are everywhere unfurl'd.

And those haunts left, behind uncultured trees,
Whose leaves must chatter with each fickle
breeze,

A paradise but hides. Then now beside

The foam, or the soft ripples of the tide,
Upon green grassy patches, linger I
With Music, while she tunes a starlit sky.
And oft I climb'd, at dark'ning twilight, that
Old fort o'er there, while Phoebe o'er it sat;
And thence I saw thee as thou wast; but now,
Methinks, I see thee as thou art. Oh how
Couldst thou, O city, ever leave a spot
So fertile with fond pleasures? Bless thy lot;
Renew thy hopes; and ever hold each charm,
Which'll stand obliv'ous to all threat'ning
harm.

What of the other charms that grace the land?
They works of Nature, thine of human hand.
Though, as excelling thine, they win man's
praise,
Yet, near at hand, thine ready meet man's
gaze.
Now here they are, more num'rous they than
thine:
They are apart, I skip to each in *line*;
For, absent there, no union binds me here
To give the geographer a willing ear:

With climbing steps from Kendal's thirsty
mead,
Near four leagues north I rein my panting
steed;
Behind, a parish; facing, one doth stand;
And gaping gorges gaze from either hand;

Here, in this path, in brotherhood are join'd
A range before and rugged cliffs behind.
A freak of rivers claims that cleft for birth—
'There, o'er the left wheel, in that lap of earth;
His name is Hector; buried many a time,
He rises, too, as oft king in his clime;
Still, in his grave beneath a bridge he sleeps;
And o'er his dark broad bosom traffic sweeps.

That yon dark mount looks south: its visage
shows
To mem'ry bovine eyes, and horns, and nose;
And Nature kind to him preserves his age
To baffle calculations of the sage.

Who envies me now trailing but an ass
Deep laden with three blankets, food, spy-glass,
Intent to win in one night that proud peak,
Whence I would rule a realm for half a week?
He *envies* me, who reaching there espy
Encircling waters fringe earth's canopy,
When winds would shepherd kind their fleecy
flocks
To heights more humble, less of earth—more
rocks.

'Midst hilly wilds, a scene quite quaint and
grand
Attracts the visitor, who roams the land;
Beside a fall, which chatters loud, and e'er,
A massive boulder lies secure; and there

Slim boulders, train'd to herculean task,
Remain supports, and never aid would ask;
And daily master and his slaves record
The gifts of those, who names as gifts afford.

Between two precipices deep, and dark,
To one of which the iron stairs still mark
A knighted way, a broad white path, between
Thick foliage, joins opposing banks: a scene
Enrich'd by relics in caves 'neath the green.

Hard by the shores north-eastern, lies a fount
Betwixt the legs of a too selfish mount;
His darkish blue gives free the racing sun
And ling'ring moon their pictures as they run,
Whilst crowding herbage, rich with daily
showers,
Incessant test his photograph powers;
But woe to man, whose steps would him be-
tray,
As 'long that climbing path above he'd stray!

And what can sunset give to please the sight?
As from a subterranean path to light
The pass'nger goes, far 'bove Montego town,
He sees below, as quick he glances down,
A carpet variegated cov'ring fields
Of logwood, sugar, all the tropic yields.
Upon the carpet's edge, a city sits
Beside a bay, whose fringes Nature knits

Still; and there stretches that bay's sharp-cut
line,

Watch'd by trees darkly green from 'midst the
brine.

But where yon kiss the ocean and the sky,
'The lord of day, in bidding earth good-bye,
Would doff a hundred times his crimson cap,
And leave it hanging o'er the ocean's lap.
A few steps from the highway give a plain
Enthroned full twelve feet 'bove the briny
main;

The leafy screen, through which the path doth
wind,

Conceals a cot—rich Pleasure's selfish find;
Before it gapes an orifice drill'd large,
Sunk through the massive granite near the
marge;

In the huge throat an iron stairs but stand
Erect, with feet deep buried in the sand,
To see the cot rear from the rocky south;
And near where stand the stairs, the gaping
mouth

Of this famed Doctor's Cave an entrance
gives

To waves, in which drug inexhaustive lives.
Nearby, descends by steps a chisell'd way
That meets the ocean where 'twould choose to
play.

Right noble is the proud Saint James, for
more

With wonders have the gods enrich'd his store:

No bluffing headland would add to his pride;
Embedded 'midst the hills, far from the tide,
So limited and cool, blue waters sleep,
While shady trees surrounding vigil keep
And mow the leaf-strewn margin of the
couch.

Their tide but sleeps, the deep marsupial pouch
Ejects its mermaids on the rock-bound shore,
Should Nature's lips hush sounds they often
bore.

And must a golden table float here, too?
Must some hid treasure air its head anew?
Old 'Tempus doth, at times, command each
shade

Of watching Spanish servants to parade,
When from the depths unfathom'd of a pool
Ascend a golden table, and a stool;
But to remain coveted Spanish art,
Down, down they go. The guarding shades
depart.

Then somewhere else would rise through fire
and blood,
'Midst leaf-topp'd twilight, or Sol's albine
flood,

Some Spanish jar with golden charge en-
closed—

A willing present rich for once exposed.
Myth? Myth, perhaps, the table, stool, and
jar.

(*Mafuta!* Chemist; test my good cigar.)
But will *mafuta* still besmear thy walls,
When Wine and Music pace thy lighted halls?
Will foreign weed engage Jove's chymic hand,
And let a lordly weed manure the land?
Fair, lovely daughter, 'mid so many scenes,
So rare, so grand, and scatter'd by ravines!
Black River, grim Bull Head, Blue Mountain
Peak,
Cane River, Riversdale, Blue Hole in bleak,
Bleak Portland, and Blue Hole—the mermaid's
creek,
The rest, too (of Saint James'), are of an age
Too changeful, and still Nature's hand engage:
Thou art of man; thy charms, of him; but
they,
Of Nature; and thy mother, Nature's clay.
There're more of charms, thy mother's name
recalls;
Another theme would better make them
thralls.
From thy rent clay thy spirit wander'd long;
And winds, and waves sad chant thee dirge,
and song.
Whilst tim'rous Nature wept, great Jove his
voice
Sent forth as herald, to bid earth rejoice;
For, from above, the gods did show him there
Beneath a ray-spun gloom thee, risen fair,
Whom, as young Day rose from his cloud-
draped bed

And brought thine easter glad, we saw not
dead.
Now from our hearts, once rent by sorrow's
rod,
And from our lips would rise glad praise to
God;
For now anew, in robes ethereal-like
Thy new-born, newly modell'd form doth
strike
The eye that sends across thy narrow sea
A shaded look towards Liguanea's lea.
No more our tears bedew thy memory,
No more thee as thy grave our eyes must see;
We see as monument thy risen self,
Or urn, thyself, upon that drooping shelf.
Thou, new in form! What better word can
give
Thine aged spirit name? Long *Kingston* live;
Immortal as thy name, may'st thou e'er stand
To welcome every age, and every land.

(*Postscripta.*)

*Within those rails that bound thy garden
square,*

*Thy choicest tropic blossoms bloom no more
There, where encamp the needy rich and poor.
E'en where thy cloister'd pilgrims, with
their songs*

Warm from their hidden altars and their
tongues,

Once join'd the reeds and strings in incensed
praise

To Heaven's King, on fix'd repeating days,
Through blows impartial, desecrating, mix'd
Lie stones and tablets loving hands once fix'd.

Again within that dusty circling track,

*There now a homeless populace lament,
Sky this one's canopy, and that a tent.*

A TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

Odes I, 5.

What youth, with many roses, slim,
With liquid odours sweet, o'er him,
Woos thee, Pyrrha, beneath some rock's
Cool grot? For whom bind'st thou thy locks;

Thou simply neat? Ah! oft, trust lost
And changèd gods he'll weep, and [toss'd]
Waves, stirr'd by darkling winds, t' his eyes
All new, will hold his long surprise,

Who, now thee golden deeming, thee
Enjoys, who hopes thee always free,
E'er lovable—he mindful not
O' the treach'rous gale. To those hard lot,

Thou shin'st on new. The sacred wall
On votive tablet doth install
My garments wet, as hung by me,
Tithes to the god, who rules the sea.

THE BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

Thou, sprite, that blow'st us, rose-buds,
To meet and kiss and part,—
Thou, who dost ever kindle
The fires of Cupid's heart,

Thy breath, steep'd with the essence
Of sweetest flowers of June—
Will it not bend towards me
A lily fresh and soon?

Here, on the branch that bears me
Alone, I sniff the air,
And rock; yet meet no lily,
Who'll whisper in my ear.

Fire me my heart, as Cupid's;
Breathe, Love, around us, flowers;
Blow me again; and I will
Sweet whisper at their towers.

TO THE DEWDROP.

Now morning breathes, earth's fair, anew,
In gilded garbs appear;
And thou, too, stainless, smiling Dew,
Thou, dot, transcendent clear.

Refreshening to all around,
Reflecting heav'n above,
Unstain'd a jewel thou art found,
Fit emblem of pure love.

The bustle of a busy world,
The thermal rise of day
Are not for thee; the leaf is curl'd,
Thy spirit fleets away.

The hours fly; begem me while
Thy life 'neath heaven glows;
Long kiss me; and an e'er fresh smile
Will meet each watching rose.

TO MAIDIE.

Thy name brought Fancy ; and her hand
Thy photograph outlined
Upon these walls, which once did stand
All bare within my mind.

The buried months made fresher those
Faint outlines ; and each thought
Within me bloom'd a fragrant rose :
And thou the rose I sought.

But will not time cease to divide
Our trystings that afloat
Upon its tide we, side by side,
May sail our little boat ?

MAID OF THE INDIES.

Maid of the Indies! this you did command.

I would I were so skilful that my quill
Should not but trace, in this, thee, worthy,
grand,

So perfectly like thee; for by His will
God did in thee mould Beauty with His hand.

I would my tongue could render what is sweet,
Befitting, with full rapture; earth'd seem
bare,

Bereft if e'er with time thy youth should fleet
On to eternity vast, certain, near;
Not thine it is to welcome soon retreat.

Could I with epithets, in numbers good,
Harmonious touches give those blushing
cheeks,

About which smiling Dimples silent stood
Receiving imprints of what glad Mirth
speaks—

If but my muse were talented—I would

To me, my task is but a laurel rare
Young bards would never get, if Fate's dark
frown

Beclouds their brows (e'en though the muse is
there),

Ere Custom, with her bay, or myrtle crown,
Gives kingship to their worthy heads once bare.

Indeed, this mould, which breathes thine own
true breath,

No one else would more fitly hold; and
though

So glad a print, as this, may meet the death

A short-lived scan from thee could but be-
stow,

The muse did sing. And now the kind muse
saith:

"Here rest the tribute." But the muse sets
here,

On ending, this support all tribute-crest,
Memento-like of spots to us most dear—

Earth's only symbol of man's saintly rest.

WITH MY YELLOW ROSE.

And what,—must, as this passing flow'r,
The first spray and divine of that
Pure worship, which on thee I show'r,
All known to thee, be soon forgot,
As fickle winds
Must rid my petall'd care of all
That wish and future could install
For two so free and kindred minds?

Perchance, '*Adieu, Adieu*' thy lips
May give my sense too pleased to hear
Their notes, of which sad Mem'ry sips
(Now, they have ceased to tune my ear):
Ah! e'en as wine,
Thy voice would but intoxicate
My soul forsaken now, too late
To know our hands shall ne'er entwine.

Serve me my potion—weal, or woe;
The cup would savour e'er of all
That therein Mem'ry's lips would know,
For thee my thoughts must e'er enthal:
Though winds unfair
My hope, my craft, may vengeful scourge,
Unless thy breath joins to submerge
That craft, to thee me shall it bear.

MY DAUGHTER, OH, MY DAUGHTER.

“My daughter, oh, my daughter!”
The weeping mother cried.
“Thy daughter, fairest lady,”
Said one (’twas eventide),

“Is in that mansion; thither
I saw her wend her way,
When light and dark were blending
To usher in this day.”

“Ah! Sirrah, wait here, linger
Around my little home
Till I return with Mary—
Oh, Heaven, tend my roam.”

The widow’d woman girded
Her waist, to lift her sack
One inch; and soon the distance
Lay trod behind her back.

Now standing by an organ,
From which great Hadyn’s soul
Immortal sweet was flowing
As rare wine from a bowl,

"Stop! Sir," said she: the fingers
Ceased o'er the keys to roam;
The voices fled the organ;
Brief, silence ruled the home.

Then out burst the pale widow:
"I know that thou hast said,
'O could I reach that dame's heart,
To dwell there till I'm dead;'

"Ah, Sir——" But here he stopp'd her.
"Oh, lady," cried the beau,
"Your daughter's hand I pined for;
Her heart (ah, this I know)

"Was mine, is mine; these fingers——"
But here his voice was drown'd
By sighs, the blood his cheeks left,
His brow the 'kerchief found,

"These fingers long have won her
Proud heart; her letters bear
Me witness that my wishes
Were hers, too; this I swear."

A hundred steps resounded
Upon the carpet green
That from an inner chamber
Led to this parlour scene;

The purple curtains parted:
A damsel, with her hair
Loose hanging o'er her shoulders,
Rush'd in to where they were.

"Oh, mother," said the damsel,
"Fear not; the year of strife
Thou gavest me is ended;
I'm now John's wedded wife."

TO BABY C——.

Thy voice through space in waves—a sea—
Comes breaking o'er my memory,
And flooding all, o'er which mine eyes
Now wander: you before me rise.
Though time divides this present hour
From when I saw thee, youthful flow'r,
I now behold those fearless eyes,
Through which thy soul surveys what lies
Around awaiting thee, when days
Will bring thee, lass, spring's fickle ways.
But through those eyes, methinks, I see
A soul that dreads no rod's decree;
And lips so firm set but reveal
Such as Truth's own would ne'er conceal.
What haughty mien crown'd by thy brow!
And e'en no rippling smiles allow
Thee to display the simple ways,
Such budding youth too oft betrays.

MUSIC'S PART.

Fingers eager but to please
Dance the keys

High, and low ;
Fast, then slowly from the cords
Float sweet chords
O'er the bow ;
Anger's eyes deep tinged with red
Dive the waves, as quick they spread
Row by row.

Sharp, and flat, and semitone
Melt the stone

Of a heart ;
Sparkling clear, as from a fount,
Tears now mount ;
Quick, and smart
Flees revenge from that calm'd breast,
Where breaks soothing each waves crest :
Music's part.

Storms rage long ; deep billows roar :
From the floor

He his eyes
Lifts ; and, through the window niche,

Meadows rich

Sudden rise:

Waves unseen, and tempest's sprite
(Sudden hush'd their phantom might),
Quit their guise.

A PHANTOM STORM.

The roof was canopy; each idle chair,
Which stood around me, wore a look of care.
The hearth was sleeping; summer breathed on
earth;

And in the fields dwelt every voicesome mirth;
Whilst all alone the clock the mantelpiece
Kept to himself, and ne'er his chat would cease.
A canvas o'er the clock e'er silent speaks;
It tells of rocky streams, of snow-capp'd peaks,
Him, having seen no Russian foe to fight,
Retreating to his den a conquer'd wight,
In whom earth saw a corp'ral, emp'ror, slave
When from a throne he'd fled to Freedom's
grave:

That scene, that Corsican's almighty will
Did lend themselves that twilight hour to fill.
And 'round me art, too, frame-pent, voiceless,
spoke;

I listen'd, until when string'd voices broke
The silence.

'Twas a midnight ride, as by
Some dark green cornfield, 'neath a moonlit
sky,—

One sea reflecting every willing ray

That Phoebe would but shower, on her way;
And now to hear a sudden gentle noise
From 'midst the leaves—a little streamlet's
voice

Attuning earth, and floating at the curves,
When, o'er the peak by him, his fear-struck
nerves

Would storm detect, and find him all without
A raincoat; then as he would turn about
The willing palfrey, lo, the eyes must find
White sheets hung from the welkins black; a
wind,

A-hurrying from the fire display of Jove,
Fast driven by the voice of him it strove
In vain t' escape; the pulsive screams of leaves,
Which must fall smitten, strewn, and not in
sheaves:

These, these appear, as musing I would dream
Of what I heard when music was a stream.

TO BIRDIE.

Oh, birdie, Bird, the cage door
Is ope, none doth rejoice;
The roof re-echoes no more
The music of thy voice.

The linnet, and the thrush, too,
Who danced each day around,
And fought the doors to get through,
And at each other frown'd,

And kiss'd the wires that guarded
The sanctum of thy cage,
Hast thou left unrewarded—
Each left without his wage?

Were they not guards, who watch'd thee
With patient, jealous eye,
As if from some dread en'my
They saw e'er drawing nigh?

But where art thou, oh, birdie?
Thy spirit haunts thy cage,
The mem'ry of each laddie,
Whom Envy did engage.

Each whistle of the spring winds
Recalls thy memory
To each, who now in it finds
A vocal treasury:

The linnet, and the throstle
Do mourn that thou art gone,
As now the March winds rustle
Around the cold, cold stone—

The stone, which marks the fond spot,
Where once you charming stood:
Was violence thy hard lot?
Or hast thou sought the wood?

Is thy sad absence ever
To see us grow insane?
From gloomy thoughts deliver
Our minds, which long have lain

In regions of anxiety,
Where threat'ning Horrors gaze
With redden'd eyes, whence Piety
Is banish'd all her days.

When Beauty, with her brushes,
Thy rosy cheeks did taint,
And tinge thy lips with touches
O' the rarest crimson paint,

When happy Mirth, and Duty

Their touches did combine,
Remodelling thy beauty
Here, in thy small confine,

The stern world would then kind grow,
And happy grew the sad,
Then, Anger would no ill know,
And saneness clothed the mad,

The weary hours would light grow,
And labour pleasure gave,
Where'er thy smile would free go,
As light across the wave.

Return, oh, birdie, birdie;
The linnet and the thrush
Await thy coming, maidie,
Thou, birdie, cherub, lady!
Around thy cage they rush!
Within thy cage they jostle!
The linnet, and the throstle,—
The linnet, and the thrush.

ETHLYN KER.

Flat was its top; a cent'ry flew
Once o'er its pebbled paths; that hill
Was crown'd with one large church, which
knew

What masonry's deft hand and will
Could raise to baffle time's decay.
Beside those paths, slabs, carved with skill,

Reveal'd too many a bed of clay,
In which the sleepers victims were
Of every Fate. As there they lay,

And slept, they reck'd not of the stir,
Which shed sad tears, and raised loud cries
For one there known as Mistress Ker.

Between the church and eastern skies,
Within the churchyard guarded, rose
The pastor's cot in lowly guise.

Beneath its roof, in calm repose,
As evening's curtains lower'd slow,
A candle's ray would oft disclose

Fair Ethlyn sitting by its glow.
A voice, as chanting to each stitch,
Would always read while she did sew.

The pulpit knew that voice's pitch;
It fill'd so oft the spacious church,
Which never knew its tongue to hitch.

As quick a wind the sky did smirch
With clouds, one Sunday afternoon,
The choir wish'd no more to perch.

As warblers of a strain; but soon
That voice, which all had known so well—
The pastor's—led them, as the moon

Her tides. Then as the organ's swell,
And fingers nimble, feet, each tongue
Did sudden in hush'd silence dwell,

A deep voice roar'd the hills among:
Two clouds of threat'ning mien came fast;
And as they cleft the paths along

For those they led, lo! each quick cast
A bolt at his brave foeman, and
The duel did no longer last.

The sun peep'd out to view the land,
As twilight left the land and sea;
For, as when youth's too mischievous hand

Offends decorum, then doth flee
The urchin from fear'd discipline,
The clouds had sought a western lea.

But there beside the aged shrine
The target of the duel lay
Beneath Destruction's foot, and pine

(Whose larger end had dent the clay,
And now against his thigh it lean'd):
The cottage lies there to this day.

The pastor's aged wife had ween'd
Not Fate's decree, as there she sat
Beside the table, while she clean'd

Each misty lens: the snowy cat
Then keeping slumb'ring silent watch
Within the doorway on the mat,

The clock, which many a spring did catch
Slow tolling every minute's death,
Its friend upon the grassy patch,

On which Sol wrote when pass'd the breath
Of every hour, and Ethlyn, all
Were canopied, unwarn'd by Death.

There was no note of Ethlyn's call.
To that sad scene, there was a rush,—
As sounds the wind amidst the tall

Shrubs of the forest's thick-set bush,
Or e'en 'midst autumn rustling leaves,
Stiff skirts did flutter, halt, then hush—

A calm. Too long, and deep for breves—
Those breves, which pedals low long sound—
Rose each sad groan, such as relieves

The pain of him, who is long bound
By sorrow, or regret; but they
Saw given up, by that strewn ground,

Poor Ethlyn in life's less'ning ray.
A heart, hard press'd by sorrow's weight,
Upon the stiffen'd tongue will lay

A portion of its weary freight;
The tongue, then stubborn, silent lies,
Whilst crowding thoughts confused, ere late,

Now take the tide towards the eyes:
The feeble pastor silent wept.
Mix'd groans, and shrieks, and lengthen'd
cries

Bewail'd the fate of her, who slept;

But Phoebus smiled upon the scene,
As o'er the western skies he swept

In royal state : this did chagrin
The heaven occidental, for
Its blood-tinged face was plainly seen.

As Sol slipp'd through his exit-door,
The heaven o'er its blood flush'd face
Drew veil, and shew'd its rage no more.

A sombre mantle o'er the place
Was spread ; but when the sun did raise
It, ere he start'd his wonted race,

He saw there, through the morning haze,
Beneath a willow's ravish'd hair
(Each lock, a tongue on windy days),

The gather'd friends. A cold, dark air
Swept every countenance, as slow
Was Ethlyn lower'd sadly there

To reach her narrow bed. But lo,
Whene'er pale Death, his cruel shocks
Gives, who would dare defy? and, oh,

Down cheeks once dry, as desert rocks,
Flow'd silent streams. Now, one by one,
They left, some with disorder'd locks.

Beneath that willow, one large stone
Half buried, with its chisell'd face
Half turn'd to heaven, there alone

With silent tongue betrays the place,
Where Ethlyn 'neath a willow's moan
Lies, watch'd by many a petall'd grace.

NOT THERE WAS SOLITUDE.

Not on that mount of pleasures bare,
Where all alone I breathed the air
So cooling, whistling merry tunes,
For ten and three repeating moons,—
Not there was solitude. 'Twas not
Because a kitten had forgot
To seek the dewy bowers, where
The feather'd minstrels tuned the air;
'Twas not the horse, which liked to peep
Into my room, where lay asleep
Poor Kitty on my snowy bed;
'Twas not the winds, which often led
Their flocks close by my cottage door,
Or e'en across the glossy floor
(For, oftentimes, they did intrude
There) : these did not drive solitude!
And e'en in sweetest leisure, when
O'er crag, o'er fence, through wood I then
Let careful steps my way select
To pluck buds, which my breast bedeck'd,
To go to kiss the singing brook,
Or, haste to hide within a nook
From driving rain; or when I rode

'Through fens, through mist, or where they
sow'd
The golden corn, or ginger : there
No solitude was ever near.

(Life was a dream too short to thee.)
As one, who slept with limbs stretch'd free,
As if but list'ning to some sound
That murmur'd in the rocky ground,
With eyelids, lips, and senses seal'd,
While hover'd 'round about the field
His guardian angel, leisure spent
The summer hours in sweet content :
So I those days when there was e'er
Thy spirit present. How could there
Be solitude when thou wast near?

TO KITTY.

Too loud, too loud I say, Kitty,
A whisper e'en I hear;
But snores like thine would chase all thoughts
That'd wish thee always near.

How oft hast thou me standing made
A veritable tree,
To hasten grumbling from my feet
T' my shoulder, eh, Kitty!

Thy weight doth not my neck oppress,
Nor doth thy tongue excite
My nerves; but leers, like those you aim
At my poor lips, unite

To bid me watch thy mischievous hand:
Ah! glad am I to see
That that old lexicon relieves
My ear, and neck, of thee.

When comes a stony, inky block
That crumbles in thy bed,
What next will meet thy fancy, Kit,
To choose as bed, instead?

Oh! naughty, pet,—why with thy hand
Now blur what shew the path,
O'er which my steely steed did trot?
Why rouse pegasan wrath?

Hear! footprints, on this milky way,
Are not of those that mark
Thy tribe, thy race, thy sense; thou art
At best but in the dark.

And, now, before I do transfer
The spirits of this page
(Since I must bury what I wrote,
And, too, my innocent rage),

Let these same bearers of their forms
Bear thee to where much dust
Would lie, if from my good cigar
Drop ashes, crust by crust.

IN MEMORIAM.

Ah! well did Spring with magic touch transform

The forest skeletons to shapes that shade
The landscape em'rald that, with the alarum
A nation's knell now sounds (for thou
hast made

Thine exit), I may, on this side the glade,
Bespread thy bed with newest leaves of bay,
Which ere the vengeful summer's gone
may fade:

Thee England mourns; for, lo, to her dismay,

She woke to find her darling hero lifeless clay.

Thee, type of English daring, Eton's pride,
Youth's guide upon the road to martial
fame,

Thy country mourns; and lonely now beside
Thy couch stands Courage weeping, fearless
dame—

Thy consort o'er the fields that knew thy
name.

Which of the cruel Fates with feigning love

Did kiss thee, Redvers, with her lips
 afame
With red revenge, because 'twas not with
 glove
Some thornful entities from earth thou didst
 remove?

Sleep well. For latest days, now Honour
 writes
Upon the tablet of thy Country's heart
'Thy name amongst those of the bravest
 wights:
Permitteth me my muse to act her part,
Me yet unskill'd in her divinest art;
Unlaurell'd though, she'd wind about thy
 head
A wreath of bay, whose leaves would
 soonest start
To mellow. But to whom shall Courage
 wed?
She leaves what was but yesterday her bridal
 bed.
June 3, 1908.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

Greece, Italy, and others—all have seen
Their fields made vast arenas, where
dread strife

Drain'd many a bravest heart that long had
been

A mother's joy, her pride, her highest
life:

Canadian fields, too, have fierce fights,
not rife,

Made gory; reddened the Saint Lawrence
ran,

Perhaps in anger, when Quebec, his wife,
Lay maim'd, for Wolfe had led his every
man

E'en to her iron gates, he leader of the van.

War charged the breath of England's loyal
sons;

And *war* the Frenchman's: for three
passing years

On either side th' Atlantic's tide, their guns
By rival thunders signall'd common
tears.

“Go, take Quebec,” said Pitt, new to the
cares
Of premier office in the Empire wide;
Wolfe martiall’d arms, long eager; sail’d:
dark Fears
(That would but try to stain a nation’s
pride)
From Saunder’s frigates fled, as fast these
plough’d the tide.

In numbers far superior, from the Fall
Of Montmorency to Saint Charles, stood
fast
The French in deepest ranks,—’twas Duty’s
call;
But when from Isle Orleans brave Wolfe
had cast
A martial eye benearing what was last
Upon his sweeping scan, the blood soon fled
To each his pallid cheek, as o’er the vast
Canadian fluvial shore his eye had sped
Obstructed by a gun-peak’d wall soon ridged
with dead.

And two days more, June would have left
Wolfe’s arms
Still idle on the islet of Orleans;
But blood as his was, test’d, unspill’d by
harms
Brought near at Falkirk, Dettingen, and
scenes

More daring colour'd, as at Rochefort's
greens,—
That blood him fill'd with ire, which
breathed command
To take this strongest fortress by a means
Forlorn, and fruitless, when against a land
Fort-crown'd, and mann'd, his latest stratagem
was plann'd.

What if had Monckton, Townshend, Mur-
ray seen
The plots staged faithfully—just as de-
sign'd!
What if the fruits of later feats, though
green,
Had ripen'd, and not scorch'd by adverse
wind—
When fell four hundred, prey to fire un-
kind!
Now watch'd brave hearts of oak, beneath a
sky
Of summer glow, from silent guns be-
hind,
While one, majestic in command, with eye
Far seeing, learnt what was so distant, as if
nigh.

The summer hours, now near all gather'd,
lay
Abundant 'neath the leafy mounds of oak
And pine, when Wolfe, along the wat'ry way

Unlit, with muffled oars, and silent stroke
Led on the martial skiffs he mann'd.
When woke
Montcalm of French renown, from where
he'd lain,
He saw, as if awaked, too, when day
broke,
A host array'd, south-west, upon the plain
That table-like rose far above the crystal main;

For all unseen had Wolfe the steep way led,
His treach'rous footing made safe by the
hand.
Now proud behind his turrets, Montcalm
said:
"I shall erase them soon from where they
stand:"
And as he voicèd this his bold command:
"Advance! Charge! Fire! Stain ye your
swords with blood;
Your bayonets ensheathe in sinews; and
Stay not the Eagle's course till runs a flood
From every talon wound to dye the river's
mud,"

Forth belch'd a myriad fires, and thunders
roar'd,
As if a hundred Joves had storm'd the
spheres;
But still obedient, though with patience
bored,

The English—targets—answer'd not : like
bears
They patient crouch'd behind the fence-
like lairs
Their rifles made in steel-crown'd rows ; and
when
Within their range the French came, un-
awares
They show'r'd a blinding storm of fire,
which then
Sent reeling back, pell-mell, Montcalm and all
his men.

Wolfe led the way to vict'ry ; but 'twas thrice
Upon the way he halted, stung by fire :
Once, twice he rose, and start'd again ; the
vice
Of Death him held when last he fell. As
higher
The tide of charging rose, he did enquire,
Reclining, swooning, as he heard *They run* :
"Who run?" And one replied : "The
en'my, Sire ;"
Cried Wolfe to him : "Let nothing pass a
gun
From fields outlying to Montcalm, till vict'ry's
won."

And ere the tide of battle swept Montcalm
And his battalions from the fort, Wolfe
lay,

Upon the Plains of Abraham, soothed with
balm—
Eternal healing to his aching clay
Now stark, and cold, 'neath heaven's fading
ray.
Montcalm, too, cross'd the lonely darksome
vale,
Through which had Wolfe pass'd on that
fatal day;
And those he left behind to tell the tale
Ere long did find themselves within the Eng-
lish pale.

GETTYSBURG.

I felt this morning's breath as on it pass'd
 Towards eternity; and now the noon
Is serving me not what the morning, last,
 Had giv'n; and what will evening bring
 me soon?
These, as the Fates, my measured hours
 attune
As please them all obedient to their iceberg
 Hearts—cold indiff'rence: 'twas on a new
 moon
They breathed a new Thermopylae:—at
 Hamburg,
Or Berlin rather? No, not there,—at Gettys-
 burg.

At Gettysburg low laid—from where rise
 peak'd,
And sad, opposing heights in parallel ways
(Save where the one in curvature had
 sneak'd
Away from strifes of earlier summer
 days),—
At Gettysburg, methinks, as now doth
 gaze

A summer sun upon that hallow'd spot,
I see the war-clouds gather thick, and
prays
One that the spark, the thunder-clap would
not
But bring, in showers, the good that is man's
joyous lot.

The thund'ring had all ceased at Sharpsburg,
where
A field was claim'd and won; the hope,
the fire,
Which fill'd each breast, on future fields did
glare;
And there were seen new vict'ries—one
desire:
But, ah, at Gettysburg, burst forth the ire,
Full blown, revengeful of the past defeat:
Through burning hours, three noons did
it require
To muster fullest strength: blood at red-
heat
Made then that field an altar, now a sad retreat.

Dark-brow'd, cloud-capp'd, and hydra-head-
ed, down
Upon the gath'ring arms look'd sadly
those
Hills, at fair Gettysburg. Who watch'd them
frown

When, as July from months of slumber
rose,
Friends, kit and kin, in dubious fight did
close?
They saw, they felt, they drank, with heav'n
they wept,
For at their feet those, who were blood-
knit foes,
Lay heap'd, and cold; and while these
breathless slept,
The bruised trees, like sentinels, the vigil kept.

Morn saw a skirmish; eve unsettled strife;
Next evening saw the Fates still wrang-
ling o'er
The fickle balance; but the third, the life
Blood of Earth's largest plann'd republic
more
To one side weigh that strife, full stain'd
with gore.
True pivoted at Picket's charge,—as fell,
It stay'd; and this at Gettysburg. Afore
Old Waterloo, now Gettysburg doth tell
That on it last a nation's destiny did dwell.

INSECURITY.

The mighty oak, mail'd 'gainst the tempest's
rage,
Yet target of Jove's anger, red, and blind,
Monarch for years, may in one moment yield
Securest fame to but an acorn's bud :
So yielding may be what earth knows as fame,
'Time's ravage knows not health, nor hour, nor
name.

IF.

A yawning gap, or but Gibraltar-like
A steep abrupt, ne'er to be overcome,
Attainment from the unattain'd to some
Divides; and each the ditch, or but the dike,
Which marks the place where'er the Will did
strike
'Gainst dread Defeat's all rattling, shatt'ring
bomb,
Or meet Success with glad and noisy hum
For vantage 'gainst an almost deadly pike.

This common semblance of prevention meets
The ear from those, who would, or could, or
should,
But did not reach the now-wish'd vantage seats
Which Mem'ry, or the world would own as
good;
And just as Time of yore, the Present greets
This IF defending now as e'er it could.

NEVER.

The wishful eyes spill tears for what is near,
And far enough to tantalise the mind;
The arm outstretch'd to pluck so glad a find
Would still, through fingers dancing, fill the
air
With vain inventions fraught with prospects
fair,
And spectre-like,—these, tunnell'd paths to
wind
Through mighty obstacles that hopeless
blind
A willing industry, a need, a care.

Unown'd, and out of reach a treasure sits
Inviting to most mortals; but a Fate
With wilful plans had made her regal writs
Ordaining feast for eyes, but nought of date
When lingual touch takes place, for it ne'er
flits
In downward flight to please him, who
would wait.

A-MATING.

Life's path all strewn with roses,
Or one full set with thorn,
Life's day made of reposes,
One breathing hopes forlorn,

Succeeding days all sunny,
Or days of weeping hours,
All life pursuing money,
Or years in Idle's bowers,

Would weary even patience,
And sick'n a healthy mind;
Whilst blended, their joint presence
Makes absent each its kind

(Just as in Music, measures
Bereft of discords shew
Too clear the hidden treasures,
Which plent'ous seen, cheap grow;

Or, bars with discords studded
Declare the art insane;
Whilst if all earth is flooded
By both in mingling strain,

With music irrigating,
Imagination yields) :
Dame Nature's song, *A-Mating*,
Must e'er attune her fields.

TO CONSCIENCE.

Fair arbiter of all men's deeds,
Whose fearless nod doth relegate
Proud Right, and shameless Wrong to sate
Each o'er his mem'ry's wheat, and weeds!

Wise choice is thy secure abode
Hid from the gaze of influence vile;
Conniving not at Satan's wile,
Undaunted, Justice guards thy road.

The wise, the great wait at thy feet,
And with earth's humblest list to thee;
The judge, the prisoner, bond, and free
Before thy throne in common meet.

Save when thine intellect is blunt—
When Justice from thy side departs,
Thus leaving thee the king of hearts
That shine at Lucifer's dark font;

And Mem'ry then before thy throne,
With complaints against thy past decrees,
Would write upon her cheeks the pleas
Successful 'gainst wrongs thou hast done—

The span, which from thine earliest hours
Brings thee the last, is laurell'd by
The choicest leaves that ever sigh
In winds that bathe fair Eden's bowers.

Since passing years no foot-marks leave
Upon thy locks, let fleeting time
No false ideal, from polar clime
To tropic, give, thee to deceive.

PATIENCE.

Wait patiently on God's own time;
In waiting, never tire:
Protracted springtime fitter makes
The fruit for Summer's fire.

Leap forward not; move cautiously;
Thy time and action plan;
The past, thy chart; the future, fields;
And courage, shield: O man.

While mortals slumber, fathom low
Thy deep cavernous mind;
A golden morn, a silver cloud
May greet thy midnight find.

Her strength, once dormant, Earth doth see
To gather motive pow'r;
And unexpected shatter'd lies
Wealth's worshipp'd, mossy tow'r.

The air in slumber lieth, as
A fickle sprite, at rest;
But madden'd antics soon it hurls
O'er Earth's defenceless breast.

And while the billows monsterlike
The tempest lashes wild,
The port-bound pilot wise remains
The storm's obedient child.

But ne'er with patience armour thee,
If *Sluggard* be thy role;
For, on life's stage, each motion doth
Reveal the actor's soul.

AT EASTERTIDE.

What here belingers sighs, and tears,
Which would relieve the soul
Of burd'ning thoughts fraught with dark
fears,—
That ne'er 't may reach its goal?

Methinks, I hear a whisper say :
“ 'Twas Eastertide the first,
Christ armoured in mortal clay,
Death's gate for once did burst.”

Ah! yes,—and now 'tis Eastertide;
From wintry slumber Earth
Has risen; and here doth abide
Blithe Spring of tender birth:

So, at that Eastertide, when graves
Their charges all must yield,
Earth's vanquish'd, captors, lords, and slaves
Anew will meet a-field.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Hark, hark, I hear the tongues of Christmas
bells

(Whose silv'ry notes, too, mark an Au-
tumn's fall)

To many a hill, and to their spiry dells
Are gath'ring faithful flocks, each with its
call.

List, list the chimes: the echoes in my ear
Tell what the wise men saw on Christmas
morn,

When to His kingdom did a King appear:
His birth no royal pageant did adorn.

Thither from 'far, Him sages came to see,
Rich with the Orient's treasures; to His feet
A star did guide them, and their company—
The angels—cheer'd them with hozannas
sweet.

See, in the morning candle's waning light,
The little children, 'waken'd show their glee:
For in the sombre hours, hid from their sight
A father brought them treasures much, and
free.

The promise, which an age had waited long
To see, shot forth at last into the world;
The shoot sprang up the wheat and tares
among;
Though lopp'd it sent aloft its leaves unfurl'd;

Far o'er the land the shady branches wave,
Scatt'ring fresh seeds; and here some flourish free:
We are but shoots; and till we reach the grave,
Let *Onward*, *Upward* e'er our watchwords be.

Now varied years assemble to outpour
Each the heart's measure, each with grateful mind;
Tongues, now in silence buried, did adore
Him, who was meek, and gentle, loving, kind:

As those, too, who within some sacred hall
Now gather, we ourselves—glad treasures—bring
Along with incensed praise, with gold; let all
Our cares, too, lie before our Saviour King.

Night reigns, a candle rules its little realm;
At dawn, Night's luminaries dimly burn:
He, who by fear had sway'd a statecraft's helm,

Sat soon forgot by men, who quick did
turn—

Some glad, some doubting—to the Manger's
door;

But now the sovereign would, to join the
throng,

Descend his throne, and, unlike him of yore,
Would seek Him with meek footsteps,
pray'r, and song.

ODES TO THE SEASONS.

I.

Triumphant Spring! as gaily o'er the fields
Thou mak'st thy pageant march, the tonguèd
winds
Glad hail thine advent, which their songs pro-
claim
From ocean's crests to farthest peaked bow'rs.
Ere long, no more the white-mask'd spires shall
view
Thy fields with tearsome eyes; nor will the
hearth
Keep by his side, O Spring, earth's bubbling
mirth,—
The sun is near, reviewing tropic foams.
In Nature's carpets, flow'rs of varying hues
Are interwoven; on the once shorn trees
Green caps, with tassels dangling in the air,
Make light and shade, where sight the distance
sees;
Ah! Summer must succeed thee, and his breath
Shall parch the beaut'ous emblems of thy days!

II.

As with a brazen eye, the meadows green
Thou, Summer, dost survey, thy less'ning gaze
Of fierce regret must watch the nimble hours,
As slow they, number'd, lie for Autumn's
tread.

Hail, Summer! swift to rent the veiled sky
With hurled darts, the earth's too tim'rous
throng

Bewail thine anger, but with noisesome voice
Invoke thee blessings, while thy pleasures live.
Thy reign is ending; tender Autumn's cry
Will soon be heard, but never by thine ear—
A brother's ear,—ere long thee stark and cold
A leafy sepulture will cover o'er;
Whilst there thou dreamest, Autumn will re-
joice
For bounties, which thy fire now doth prepare.

III.

O Autumn, Autumn! thine it is to mourn
The year's decline, as o'er dead Summer's pile
Thy tending winds must soon their requiems
pore,
Whilst trees, and shrubs their headgears off
must throw.
And as the golden fields, and meadows green
Thou wouldst but garner, fill thy spacious
stores,

That Winter's sunken mouth may, as afore,
Rich choose from what a gen'rous Spring did
sow.

How fickle are thy ways: the land, the sea
In thee feel Winter's touch, and Summer's
breath;

Would that thy locks no traces of fled days
Betray,—the silv'ry hue of revered age.
Alas! thou, too, must go with passing Time,
And take thy mantled rest beneath the snow.

IV.

None welcomes thee, grim Winter: thy cold
breath

Doth strike in vain the door, the window pane;
By day, by night, the gen'rous hearth doth
spend

His moments in the Pleasures' company;
Without, the streams, which once the oceans
fed,

Lie glossy, dreaming; and asleep their might;
And Earth, beneath a blanket white and cold
Keeps warm the tender seedlings for Spring's
care;

Lest thou extinguishest his blazing hearth,
Far from thy haunts the sun betakes himself
To where a Spring's wan spirit was outdone,
And Summer's sprite well to succeed doth
strive;

His northward journey, now begun, shall
bring,
Ere long, the welcome end of thy dread reign.

v.

Ye, royal sons immortal of the year,
Of whom two, peers, contemporaneously
Divide earth's waste, which twain the tropic
leaves
You,—each, your portion of a hemisphere!
As Phoenix', e'er your dust must faithful bear
Again each future season but to rule
Anew, twice while the sun his yearly course
Pursues reviewing how the planets fare.
The concert of your blending pleases Earth,
And fittest colours gives in every tone,
Save where perennial breathes an aged Spring
'Neath summer skies o'ertopping autumn fields,
Which constant dress'd in gaudy em'rald, shew
No sunken trace of any passing year—
The ashen hue of age—hoar-frost, and
snow,—
The tropic tree sheds not a winter tear.

EVENING HYMN.

Ere my freed spirit hovers near
The dark still waters of Death's stream,
I pray that 'Thou my plea wouldst hear,
While lingereth the candle's gleam:
O Lord! protect me while I lie
Unconscious 'neath this canopy.

The setting sun hath led to earth
The shades that rule the nightly hours;
And now bereft of day's glad mirth,
I take content the lot that's ours:
O Lord! let this my humble cry
Reach Thee from 'neath earth's canopy.

Soon in Earth's sombre mantle's fold
This frame awaits my soul's return;
But if from Life's day to Death's cold,
Long night I pass to fill my urn,
'Then keep, Lord, for my soul on high
A place 'neath heaven's canopy.

"GOD BLESS OUR ISLAND HOME."

Thou, land of tropic beauty!
Glad home of laughing rills!
May Heaven's 'special duty
Enrich thy dales and hills:
Thy bulwarks guard thy towers;
Thy moat, with corals strewn,
Protects thy shady bowers,
Which merry breezes tune:
Thou, child of England's valour!
Thy sons' hearts beat with pride,
As peoples do thee honour
Afar, and at thy side.

The skies e'er paint at pleasure
The surface of thy seas,
And to thee fit climes measure,
Queen of the Antilles:
May God forever bless thee,
Thy children kindly care,
And rule thee with His mercy
Throughout the live-long year:
Our incense—pray'rs, we ever
Glad offer—rises free,

That thee He may deliver
From every misery.

Thou, home of heroes valiant,
Whose fires swept the seas!
Their names, as stars, still brilliant
Illumine galaxies:
Though storms, and earthquakes shatter
Thine idols, queenly Isle,
Thy sons will never scatter
In fear of Nature's guile;
And e'en where Nature freezes,
Or where thy sailors roam,
There e'er will tune the breezes:
"God Bless Our Island Home."

FINIS.

OUR NEWEST ISSUES

By James A. Ritchey, Ph.D.
Psychology of the Will.....\$1.50

By Charles Hallock, M. A.
Peerless Alaska 1.00

By Dwight Edwards Marvin.
Prof. Slagg of London..... 1.50
The Christman 1.50

By Caroline Mays Brevard.
Literature of the South..... 1.50

By Susan Archer Weiss.
Home Life of Poe (3d ed.)..... 1.50

By Irving Wilson Voorhees, M.D.
Teachings of Thomas Henry Huxley (2d ed.). 1.00

By Mrs. Annie Riley Hale.
Rooseveltian Fact and Fable..... 1.00

By Hon. D. W. Higgins.
The Mystic Spring..... 1.50

By Edith Nicholl Ellison.
The Burnt-Offering 1.25

OUR NEWEST ISSUES



By Alexandre Erixon.

The Vale of Shadows..... 1.50

By Mrs. Josephine M. Clarke.

The King Squirrel of Central Park (Juvenile). .60

By William N. Freeman.

St. Mammon 1.50

By Mrs. I. Lowenberg.

The Irresistible Current..... 1.50

By M. Y. T. H. Myth.

Tales of Enchantment..... 1.00

A Tale Confided by the Woods..... .75

By Ida Blanche Wall.

Comedy of Petty Conflicts..... 1.25

By Elizabeth Helene Freston.

Poems (portrait) beautifully bound..... 1.00

Italia's Fornarina (leather)..... 3.00

Compiled by Darwin W. Esmond.

Poetry of Childhood, by Paul Warner Esmond

(Memorial Edition) 1.50

OUR NEWEST ISSUES



By Wilbert C. Blakeman.

The Black Hand..... 1.50

By John W. Bennett.

Roosevelt and the Republic..... 1.50

By Hon. Joseph M. Brown.

(Governor of Georgia.)

Astyanax—An Epic Romance..... 1.50

By John Tracy Mygatt.

What I Do Not Know of Farming..... .75

By Esmee Walton.

Aurora of Poverty Hill..... 1.50

By Josephine Merwin Cook.

Bandana Days75

By Howard James.

The Wraith of Knopf and Other Stories..... 1.00

By George Fuller Golden.

My Lady Vaudeville and Her White Rats.... 2.00

By J. A. Salmon-Maclean.

Leisure Moments 1.00

A Stricken City..... .50

Sam S. & Lee Shubert

direct the following theatres and theatrical attractions in America:

Hippodrome, Lyric, Casino,
Dalys, Lew Fields, Herald
Square and Princess Thea-
tres, New York.

Garrick Theatre, Chicago.

Lyric Theatre, Philadelphia.

Shubert Theatre, Brooklyn.

Belasco Theatre, Washing-
ton.

Belasco Theatre, Pittsburg.

Shubert Theatre, Newark.

Shubert Theatre, Utica.

Grand Opera House, Syra-
cuse.

Baker Theatre, Rochester.

Opera House, Providence.

Worcester Theatre, Worces-
ter.

Hyperion Theatre, New
Haven.

Lyceum Theatre, Buffalo.

Colonial Theatre, Cleveland.

Rand's Opera House, Troy.

Garrick Theatre, St. Louis.

Sam S. Shubert Theatre,
Norfolk, Va.

Shubert Theatre, Columbus.

Lyric, Cincinnati.

Mary Anderson Theatre,
Louisville.

New Theatre, Richmond,
Va.

New Theatre, Lexington, Ky.

New Theatre, Mobile.

New Theatre, Atlanta.

Shubert Theatre, Milwau-
kee.

Lyric Theatre, New Orleans.

New Marlowe Theatre,
Chattanooga.

New Theatre, Detroit.

Grand Opera House, Dav-
enport, Iowa.

New Theatre, Toronto.

New Sothern Theatre, Den-
ver.

Sam S. Shubert Theatre,
Kansas City.

Majestic Theatre, Los An-
geles.

Belasco Theatre, Portland.

Shubert Theatre, Seattle.

Majestic Theatre, San Fran-
cisco.

E. H. Sothern & Julia Mar-
lowe in repertoire.

Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller.

Virginia Harned.

Mary Mannering in "Glorious Betsy."

Mme. Alla Nazimova.

Thos. W. Ross in "The Other Girl."

Cecelia Loftus.

Clara Bloodgood.

Blanche Ring.

Alexander Carr.

Digby Bell.

"The Girl Behind the Counter."

"The Light Eternal."

"The Snow Man."

Blanche Bates in "The Girl from the Golden West."

David Warfield in "The Music Master."

"The Rose of the Rancho," with Rose Starr.

HARRISON GRAY FISKE'S
ATTRactions.

Mrs. Fiske in "The New York Idea."

"Shore Acres."

Louis Mann in "The White Hen."

"The Road to Yesterday."

Henry Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard."

"The Secret Orchard," by Channing Pollock.

De Wolf Hopper in "Happyland."

Eddie Foy in "The Orchid."

Marguerite Clark, in a new opera.

"The Social Whirl," with Chas. J. Ross.

James T. Powers in "The Blue Moon."

Bertha Kalich.

"Leah Kleschna."

"The Man on the Box."

Cyril Scott in "The Prince Chap."

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

"The Three of Us."

You cannot go wrong in selecting one of these play-houses for an evening's entertainment in whatever city you may happen to be.

Books for "The Battle of Life"

The Instrument Tuned

By Rosa Birch Hitt

Teaches how to regulate your physical system by thought influences; how to get clear of nervousness, restlessness and disease by learning to *think* health. Full of the newest ideas of the great New Thought.

\$1.00, postpaid

William McKinley

A Biography

By A. Elwood Corning

What greater incentive and inspiration to success than the *life* of the great martyr-president! He rose from the humblest beginnings—and the memoir is written especially for men and women who are "fighting their way."

Fully illustrated; gold; \$1.25

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

835 Broadway, New York.

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Told at Twilight

BY EVA BROWNE.

A delightful collection of stories and poems.

(Author's photo.)

\$1.00.

Job Trotter

BY SYLVESTER FIELD.

50c.

A unique work, proving that the "earthly paradise" of the colored race is Africa. This book is decidedly the best work that has yet appeared on the subject.

The Sin of Ignorance

BY HENRIETTA SIEGEL.

\$1.00.

An exceedingly clever story, by a New York girl, who pictures with a fearless hand the domestic misery resulting from drink and dissipation.

(4 special drawings.)

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Marcelle

A Tale of the Revolution

BY WILLIBERT DAVIS AND CLAUDIA BRANNON,

12mo, cloth. Illustrated.

\$1.00.

A fascinating story of the Revolutionary period, in dramatic form, in which the treachery of Benedict Arnold and the capture of Major Andre are the climaxes. The loves of Andre and Marcelle (herself a spy) lend a very charming touch of romance.

The Burton Manor

A NOVEL

BY REV. M. V. BROWN.

12mo, cloth. \$1.50.

A most thoughtful, able and authoritative work in engaging narrative form, dealing with the existing evils of the liquor trade. The author has wisely embodied his conclusions in charming fiction—or fact?—and thus the book will appeal to a public as wide as the continent.

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Lost in the Mammoth Cave

By D. RILEY GUERNSEY.

Decorated cloth, 12mo. Illustrated.

Price, \$1.50.

A tale which a Jules Verne might envy from his own vantage ground. Imagine the possibilities for a story which are conjured up by the thought of a party of brainy men and women lost in the Mammoth Cave!

A prominent reviewer says:

"This ought to be an immensely popular book. There are no idle moments from cover to cover, and it is one which the reader will not think of laying aside until he has read every word."

Under the Darkness of the Night

A Tale of West Indian Insurrection.

By ELLEN CHAZAL CHAPEAU.

Cloth, 12mo. Attractively Produced.

Price, \$1.00.

The scenes of this story are laid in Ste. Domingue from 1792-93. It is a most timely book, written by one whose life has been passed among West Indians, and who can read the African character with surprising skill and accuracy. A wonderful picture of tropical life, brilliantly depicted.

Broadway Publishing Company,
835 Broadway, New York.

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

GREY DAWN REFLECTIONS

By VIRGINIA BEALE LECKIE



This clever Washington girl has come close to writing the wittiest and brightest book of epigrams that has appeared in this epigram-mad age. A few samples:


A friend lies for—an enemy about—and a wife with—you.

If your grandfather made it in pigs you have a perfect right to look haughty when pork is served.

A married woman's troubled look at 3 A. M. is not so much due to worrying "if" as to "how" he will come home.

The majority of women lay the first misstep to Cupid; some to the man; but it is a fact, if open to criticism, that curiosity and the opportunity are often to blame.

Printed on grey antique paper. Cover in grey, red, green and gold. Marginal decorations in color. Frontis medallion portrait of author in red, sepia and gold. Post-paid, \$1.00.

 What daintier holiday gift for your HIM or HER?

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

835 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

SOME MEN PAY

Ten thousand dollars for an expert to manage their advertising. There are others who pay **TWO DOLLARS** for an annual subscription to **PRINTERS INK**—the leading journal for advertisers and business men, published every Wednesday—and learn what all the advertisers are thinking about. But even these are not the extremes reached. There are men who lose over \$100,000 a year by doing neither one.

Young men and women who have an ambition to better their business by acquiring a thorough knowledge of advertising, and who wish to become proficient in the art of writing advertisements, are invited to send me **ONE DOLLAR** for a **SIX MONTHS' TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION** to **PRINTER'S INK** and such information as they may care to ask. Sample copy free. Address

Printers' Ink Publishing Co.

10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.

BETWEEN THE LINES

VIOLA T. MAXIMA

Cloth, 12mo. Dainty in style, thrilling in contents . \$1.00

This is a story on the always interesting subject of an unfortunate marriage; a story of pique and lost opportunity.

**Broadway Publishing Company,
835 Broadway, New York.**

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Why Not Order Now?

Evelyn

A Story of the West and the Far East.

BY MRS. ANSEL OPPENHEIM.

4 Illus. \$1.50.

Limited edition in leather, \$2.00.

The press has spoken of this book with unqualified terms of praise.

The Last of the Cavaliers

BY N. J. FLOYD.

9 Drawings and Author's Photo.

\$1.50.

"No wiser or more brilliant pen has told the story of the Civil War than Capt. Floyd's; no work more thrilling simply as a romance has recently been within the reach of book-lovers."

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER



New Book by the Author of

A Girl and the Devil !

We beg to announce for autumn a new novel from the pen of JEANNETTE LLEWELLYN EDWARDS, entitled

LOVE IN THE TROPICS

The scene of Miss Edwards' new work is laid in strange lands, and a treat may be confidently promised the wide reading public whose interest in her first book has caused it to run through over a dozen editions.

" LOVE IN THE TROPICS "

will be ready about November 1, and particulars will be duly announced.

The New Womanhood

BY WINNIFRED H. COOLEY.

\$1.25.

No more original, striking and brilliant treatise on the subject indicated by the title has been given the vast public which is watching the widening of woman's sphere. Mrs. Cooley is a lecturer and writer of many years experience; she is in the vanguard of the movement and no one is better qualified to speak to the great heart of womankind.

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Llewellyn

A NOVEL

By HADLEY S. KIMBERLING

Cloth. \$1.50.

5 Illustrations by S. Klarr.

Here is a story whose artistic realism will appeal to everyone, while its distinction as a serious novel is made evident by its clever analysis, sparkling dialogue and thrilling and powerful situations. "Llewellyn" will win all hearts by her purity and charm.

Satan of the Modern World

By E. G. DOVEN.

12mo, cloth, handsomely produced.

\$1.50.

The title of this book will arouse curiosity, and its brilliant contents will fully reward the wide public which it will reach.

A Missourian's Honor

By W. W. ARNOLD.

Cloth, 12mo. \$1.00.

3 Illustrations.

OCT 6 1909

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 929 270 8